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TWO AUNT EMILYS;

—OR,—

QUITS.

A FARCE

For Eight Female Characters.

—BY—

Martie E. Tibbetts.

—o—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—o—

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TWO AUNT EMILYS; OR, QUITS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

AUNT EMILY.....*Deaf as a post*

HELEN MORTON }
GRACE MORTON } .....*With an eye for money*

BELLE MORTON.....*Ready for fun*

MRS. JULIA MORTON.....*Ruled by her daughters*

MISS EMILY MORRIS.....*The lady principal*

BIDDY.....*The Irish housemaid*

DINAH.....*The colored cook*

——x——

Time in representation—Thirty minutes.

——x——

COSTUMES.

Aunt Emily—Old fashioned black dress, cap and black silk apron.

Helen and Grace—Tennis costumes.

Belle and Miss Morris—Traveling costumes.

Mrs. Morton—Stylish house-dress.

Biddy—Large figured print dress; red wig; ruddy complexion.

Dinah—Red dress; white apron; white neckerchief; yellow turban.

——x——

PROPERTIES.

Sofa; sofa pillow; rocking chair; duster; shawl; telegram; flour; bag of onions; package of cayenne pepper; large dish of pudding.

——x——

SYNOPSIS.

Quarrel between Dinah and Biddy. Aunt Emily, whose money the girls are trying to get. Mrs. Morton and the telegram. Dismay of Helen and Grace. Dinah lays down the law. Onions and cayenne pepper. Arrival of Belle Morton and her teacher, who is the rich Aunt Emily. Belle's joke on Aunt Emily. The long unheard of sister found. Belle's joke on the girls discovered. The poor Aunt Emily secures a home. Belle gets even and calls it "Quits."

——x——

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; [2d F.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

Two Aunt Emilys; or, Quits.

SCENE—Interior of private parlor

BIDDY *discovered seated in rocker, singing, rocking and violently beating time with duster.*

Enter, DINAH, L.

Dinah. (*standing with hands on hips—aside*) I 'clare! I nebbei did see sich a good-fo'-nuffin' critter as dat Irish gal am! (*to* BIDDY) Why on airth doan you finish dustin' dis yer room? You jes want to sot in dat ar' cheer and howl, while somebody else done do all de work! Can't sing no more'n a jass-ax!

Biddy. (*throws duster at* DINAH) Take *that*, ye dirty, ould nigger! I'll larn the likes of ye ter consult *me!*

(*picks up duster—rushes at* DINAH

Dinah. Go long dar, you red-headed, good-fo'-nuffin' trollop! You'll mash my new turban, will you?

DINAH *snatches up sofa-pillow—business—*DINAH *strikes* BIDDY *with pillow, pushing it completely over her head and rushes from the room. After floundering around,* BIDDY *extricates herself and exits,* L.

Enter, GRACE *and* HELEN MORTON, R.

Helen. (*throwing herself on sofa*) Was ever anything more exasperating? Here I've torn a great three-cornered hole in my new suit, and I was calculating to make an impression on young Featherby this afternoon!

Grace. Pshaw! Who cares for that simpleton?

Helen. *You* have tried hard enough to captivate him, anyway; and I tell you, something must be done pretty soon or we will be driven to the wall.

Grace. My dear, such an expression! (*sees sofa-pillow on floor*) Jumping Jupiter! Look at my pillow!

Helen. *That* is a very fine expression, I suppose!

Grace. Well, you can afford to be sarcastic. You gobbled up all

the money we had to run the house with, to buy your new suit. Little you care how the house looks if you can dress well.

Helen. Well, I wonder who took all the money mamma had saved for Belle's wardrobe, to buy a new silk dress? That was when *you* were trying to catch Featherby—before you thought you were going to get Aunt Emily's money.

Grace. What does Belle want of a stack of nice dresses in that pokey old boarding school? You may say what you please, but when we received Belle's letter, saying she had found Aunt Emily rolling in gold, *you* were the first one to propose inviting her here to make us a visit.

Helen. And a big fool I was, too, for she has been here almost thirteen weeks, and we have seen no signs of her money yet, and sometimes I doubt if she has any at all—Belle is so fond of playing jokes! She mortifies me almost to death! Why, only last evening, she asked Featherby if his ma wove the stuff his pants were made of. The old idiot!

Enter, AUNT EMILY, L.—HELEN *rises hastily from sofa, and* GRACE *from chair.*

Helen. (*speaking loudly*) Sit right down here on the sofa, auntie dear! You look real tired.

Grace. (*jostling against* HELEN *in her haste to assist her aunt*) Take this rocker—it is much easier than the sofa.

AUNT EMILY *sits on sofa—places sofa pillow at her back, stripping the cover off, leaving the pillow bare.*

Grace. (*aside to* HELEN) The old fool has finished that pillow!

Aunt Emily. I feel a cold comin' on. I've jest been out warmin' my feet by the kitchen fire, and come in to see if you gals wouldn't like to go down to the 'pothecary shop on an arrant for me.

Helen. (*loudly*) Why, certainly, auntie, we would be delighted to go! I am sorry you have a cold.

Grace. (*loudly*) To do your shopping would be the greatest of pleasures! (*aside to* HELEN) *What* in the world do you suppose she wants? (*runs and gets shawl*) Here, auntie, put this over your shoulders! One always feels chilly when a cold is coming on.

Aunt. I don't want no shawl—and I do wish you had more manners than to break in so when a body is talkin'. Here I've been waitin' to git a chance to tell you what to buy for my cold; but you both talk ter once so—La me! When I was a gal, young folks showed more respect to their betters. Well, as I was sayin', I want you to go and buy me five cents worth of snuff, and a couple of pounds of onions, for I've got a desprit cold comin' on, and nothin's better than snuff and onions to break it up.

Helen. Yes; (*aside to* GRACE) As if I would buy anything like that! I wouldn't if she was dying.

AUNT EMILY, *after nodding a few times, drops her head forward and begins to snore loudly.*

Grace. Neither would I—not if I never get a cent of her money! We will hire Biddy to get them.

Helen. I'm glad Belle isn't here! She would make us the laughing stock of all our acquaintances, by relating the dilemma into which this dreadful old woman has driven us.

Grace. There is something strange about this affair. You re-

member that Belle, soon after getting settled at boarding-school, wrote us that she had found Aunt Emily, and that she was "rolling in gold."

Helen. Yes; and when I wrote, telling her that we were delighted to know that the old lady was so well off, and that we had invited her to make us a visit, she answered not a word.

Enter, MRS. MORTON, R., *with telegram.*

Mrs. Morton. Girls, I have just received a telegram from Belle. She is coming home to-day.

Helen. Indeed!

Grace. (*reaching for telegram*) Let me read it, mother! (*takes telegram and glances at it*—MRS. MORTON *sits in rocker*) Why, Helen, she is coming home to-day on the two-thirty train, and her teacher is coming with her!

Helen. And it is past eleven o'clock, now! What shall we do?

Grace. Well, we must telegraph to her not to come.

Helen. Yes, we must; for it will be impossible for us to keep up appearances through the whole vacation.

Mrs. M. Why, dear daughters! You will do nothing of the kind. I am very much astonished at such a proposition. You *surely* must wish to have your sister spend her vacation at home.

Grace. Well, we do *not* wish her to come home, for she would be sure to offend Aunt Emily, and frustrate all our plans.

Mrs. M. It is useless for you to make further remonstrance, as they have probably started before this time. Belle and her teacher will come as she has planned.

Aunt. (*suddenly awakes—speaks sharply to girls*) Massy sakes alive! Hain't you started *yit?*

Grace. We will go now, dear auntie.

Aunt. You're goin' down to the *shanty?* Well, why on airth can't you git *my* stuff *fust?*

Grace. (*shouts*) We will! (*girls exit* R.

Enter, DINAH, L.—*flour on her hands and sleeves rolled up.*

Dinah. Now, missus, it am no use. You mus' jess keep dis yere (*pointing to* AUNT EMILY) bodderin' ole ripperate out ob de kitchen or I'll break she tarnal ole neck—dat I will!

(AUNT EMILY *leans forward—tries to hear conversation*

Mrs. M. Why, Dinah, what is the trouble!

Dinah. (*again pointing to* AUNT EMILY) Dat dar meddlin' ole she debble done come out in de kitchen to warm she feet in de oben, an she took off she great canal boats ob shoes, an' done sot 'em right in my pan ob riz bread. She done got no mo' manners dan a ole elephant.

Aunt. (*shaking her fist at* DINAH) You lie'n old black nigger! Tryin' to spile my repetation, are ye? I never told you that I never eat a banana nor saw an elephant!

Dinah. Doan yer 'gin to call *me* no names! I nebber said nothin' 'bout yer eatin'—

Mrs. M. Hush, Dinah! Leave the room!

Dinah. (*to* AUNT EMILY) De day you die, dar'll be an ole woman hung, I b'lebe! Dat I do! (*exit* L.

Mrs. M. (*goes to sofa—sits beside* AUNT EMILY—*speaks loudly*) Don't mind what Dinah says, Aunt Emily. Did I tell you I am expecting my daughter Belle to come home to-day? You have not

seen her since she was a child. She is sixteen years old and looks very much as *my sister Emily* did at her age.

Aunt. Well, I never see a nigger *yit*, that wasn't as sassy as pizen! (*leans back and closes her eyes*

Mrs. M. You remember after father and mother died, we children were separated, and I have not heard from my sister Emily for years—I do not even know if she is living.

Aunt. (*rousing up*) Yes, I remember that old white hoss Sam used to have: he was all crippled up and spavined, too!

Enter, HELEN *and* GRACE, R.

Grace. (*placing bag of onions and package of snuff on* AUNT EMILY'S *lap*) . Here are the articles you desired for your cold. I hope they will prove efficacious. (*aside*) I certianly think they ought to!

AUNT EMILY *turns onions out in her lap—then opens package of snuff and takes a pinch:*

Mrs. M. I must speak to Dinah about the dinner. (*exit* L.

Aunt. (*sneezes several times*) My goodniss! this is powerful snuff—(*sneezes*)—hain't it? Lordy! Guess you got your moneys worth! (*sneezes*) Its strong as *kiann pepper!* Guess I won't take any more jist now! (*sneezes*) I'll put this in my pocket till bye'n bye.

Helen. It *must* be powerful to make you sneeze so, auntie; but I suppose that is all the better for your cold.

Grace. (*to* HELEN) I'll bet Biddy played a trick on her! That isn't *snuff* at all—that's *cayenne pepper*, or *I'm* no judge! (*sneezes*

Helen. Well, she seems to be quite pleased with it. (*sneezes*) Heavens!

(*old lady continues to sneeze—girls do same—bell rings outside*

Grace. Here's Belle! (*sneezes*) Mercy sakes! (*sneezes*

Helen. With her teacher! Oh, those dreadful onions!

Grace. Her snuff is worse! Quick—let's get out from here!

(*girls exit* R., *sneezing*

Enter, DINAH, L.—*deposits large dish of pudding in chair—proceeds towards* R.

Enter, BIDDY, L.—*rushes ahead of* DINAH.

Dinah. (*pushing her aside*) You jess mind your own business! It am my place to tend dis yere doah! You'se done ready to poke your nose in to what don' noways consarn you.

Biddy. Faith, and it's mesilf as will be after finding the door, now. Stand away, ye ould black hathin! (*tries to strike* DINAH

Dinah. (*loudly*) Hi, dar! Hi! Doan you dare to tech to me!

(BIDDY *pushes* DINAH *backwards into the pudding*

Enter, BELLE MORTON *and* MISS MORRIS, R., *in time to witness the quarrel.*

Belle. Hello, Dinah! (*laughingly extricates her*) It seems you and Biddy have been exercising a little for your health, I presume! And I *think* there is something on your dress—but don't mind now. Find mamma and tell her I have arrived.

Dinah. (*indignantly muttering to* BIDDY) You am jess de mos'

sassiest imp I'se ebber did see! Dat a fac'!

(*exit*, DINAH, L., *with dish*

Belle. Biddy, call the girls! (*exit* BIDDY, R.—BELLE *shakes hands with* AUNT EMILY) How do you do, auntie? You are just as pretty as ever.

Enter, HELEN *and* GRACE, R.

—(*to girls*) Hello, girls!

Aunt. What's that you say?

Belle. (*loud*) Aunt Emily, (*the girls motion and make signs for her to stop*) this is my teacher.

Aunt. Howd'y do, miss schoolmarm! Hoyd'y do—how's your health?

Miss Morris. (*smiles*) Quite good, I thank you!

(*the girls shake hands with* BELLE

Helen. So glad to see you!

Grace. I am delighted to have you home again, dear Belle!

Belle. (*aside*) But more delighted to have me *away!* (*aloud*) Girls, this is my teacher! Miss Morris, my sister—Helen and Grace Morton!

Grace. (*bowing low*) Delighted to meet you, Miss Morris.

Helen. (*bowing low*) Belle's friends are always welcome here.

Miss M. I am pleased to make your acquaintance.

Belle. (*shouting to* AUNT EMILY) Isn't there something on your head, auntie?

AUNT EMILY *jumps up, spilling onions all over the floor—clutches wildly at her cap—pulling cap and false front off.*

Aunt. Horned rattlesnakes! What is it, a spider?

Belle. I meant your cap. You are nervous, auntie.

Aunt. I declare, I never did see sich works afore: The peart hussy!

(HELEN *helps her to replace headgear*

Grace. Belle, why in the world did you do that? We have been trying for the past thirteen weeks to keep her in good humor and now you have undone it all.

Belle. (*passing chair to* MISS MORRIS) Be seated, auntie! (*to* GRACE) Why were you so anxious to please poor old Aunt Emily? I remember when you and Helen left the house, if you knew she was coming.

Grace. Hush!

Helen. Will you never learn better than to discuss private affairs before strangers? (*to* MISS MORRIS) I hope you will pardon her, Miss Morris—Belle is but a child.

Miss M. Quite readily, I assure you! Besides, I do not feel like a stranger. Has my name ceased to be familiar to your mother's children?

Helen. Your name?

Miss M. Emily Morris!

Grace. Not my mother's sister?

Belle. The very same—and our *wealthy* Aunt Emily, for whom it will be needless to buy snuff or treat on onions, as she has no idea of departing this world at present.

Miss M. My child!

Helen. Belle, how could you?

Belle. I had no idea of playing a joke when I wrote about Aunt Emily, and I had entirely forgotten that mamma's *aunt* bore the same name; but, remember that I owed you this for your greediness.

Miss M. I understand that you thought your great aunt possessed

property, and hoped by your kind treatment to induce her to remember you in her will. My dear girls, that was a selfish motive, yet I am glad that you have been kind to her. She was not always fretful and hard to please; but once stood between the cold world and her orphaned nieces—your mother and myself. In the future I shall see that she is provided with a home and comforts. (*to* AUNT EMILY) Auntie, have you forgotten Emily Morris?

Aunt. Noises? Yes, I s'pose so, but I've got sich a powerful cold in my head that I can't hear 'em. (*calls*) Biddy! Biddy!

Enter, BIDDY, L.

—Here, you git somethin' warm for the schoolmarm ter take in her stummick, and see if ye can't stop makin' sich a noise.

Biddy. And it's mesilf as takes no orders from the likes of ye, at all, at all!

Helen. (*rings bell*) Bridget, you may leave the room.

Biddy. And, begorra, ye better be keerful like or it's mesilf as will be afte tillin' the names yez been callin' the ould woman!

Enter, DINAH, R.

Dinah. Golly! I'se done hunted dis yere house all ober fo' de missus, and I 'clare I can't fin' her nowhar!

Enter, MRS. MORTON, L.

Mrs. M. How do you do, Belle?

Belle. Nicely, thank you! How are you, mother?

They embrace—MISS MORRIS *turns around and faces* MRS. MORTON.

Mrs. M. (*starts forward*) Your name? Quick!

Miss M. Julia, do you know me?

Mrs. M. Emily Morris! Can it be possible you are my long unheard from sister? (*kisses her*

Miss M. Yes, dear Julia, and I was so glad to hear from you, I would have written immediately—but Belle wished me to wait and come home with her, letting her witness the surprise of you and your daughters; but from what your daughter Grace has just said, there seems to have been a most ludicrous mistake made in regard to poor Aunt Emily. (BELLE *laughs heartily*

Dinah. (*laughing*) He, he! Belle jess done played dat ar' joke slick as skunk grease, su' nuff!

Biddy. (*giggling*) Faith, an it sarved 'em right, the decateful cratures! And it's divil a bit they'll care about the *ould* Aunt Emily now!

Dinah. I tink Belle eben wid 'em now, an' I done tink all de time she nebber could mean dat dar ole possum done hab any money.

Biddy. But, begorra, it's *mesilf* as knows what kind of snuff to git, and sure the ould idiot niver dramed it wasn't snuff at all, at all—but cayenne pepper: (DINAH *and* BIDDY *laugh heartily*

Helen. Oh, Belle! How could you be so mean as to deceive us so? You don't seem to have a particle of regard for our feelings!

(HELEN *and* GRACE *look very much surprised and humbled*

Grace. Belle, you have taught us a lesson. I forgive you the joke and hope you will as readily forgive—I have been selfish and unkind; but hereafter I will endeavor to be a better sister.

Helen. Had we listened to mother's advice, we might have been spared this scene.

Belle. Well, girls, I guess we will call it "*Quits!*"

CURTAIN.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

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	FARCES AND COMEDIETTAS.		
129	Aar-u-ag-oos	2	1
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127	Lick Skillet Wedding	2	2
228	Landerbach's Little Surprise	3	0
106	Lodgings for Two	3	0
139	Matrimonial Bliss	1	1
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